

BOZART

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

MAY-JUNE, 1933

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

—Keats

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Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

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Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a \$25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

ABBY CRAWFORD MILTON offers a cash prize of \$25.00, "*The Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize*," for the best poem on a tree—or trees—published in BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1933. The judges to be nationally known poets.

MRS. WILLAFORD R. LEACH offers a cash prize of \$10.00, "*The Collegiate Poetry Prize*," for the best poem—of not over 32 lines—by a college student, to be published in this magazine during the calendar year 1933. Judges will be well known poets and teachers of poetry.

AGNES COCHRAN BRAMLETT offers a cash prize—\$5.00 in Gold—for the best sonnet appearing in this magazine during 1933. (The donor will be the judge).

EDITH TATUM will present a copy of her "Patteran" to the author of the best poem appearing in this issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE—she to be the judge.

GOLDIE CAPERS SMITH offers an autographed copy of her "Sword of Laughter" for the best poem on a Biblical theme published in this magazine during 1933—she to be the judge.

KATHLEEN SUTTON will present a copy of her "Masquerade" to the author of the best poem appearing in each of the next three issues of this magazine—she to be the judge.

HELEN HARRIET SALLS offers a copy of her "Pensive Citadels" for the best poem by an undergraduate in a Southern College, to be published in this magazine during the calendar year 1933—she to be judge.

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The Editor's Salon

In "Poetry the Cinderella of the Arts," by Faith V. V. Vilas, *THE EDITOR*, December 5, 1931, the statement is made that another name for poet should be "The Sharer." If, by temperament, the poet is "a little keener and more sensitive, a little swifter to overtake loveliness, a little less afraid of truth than his brother, his duty is to share . . . his moments of perception and exaltation."

Faith Vilas is here referring to the more sober and serious themes and thoughts of the poet; but she will probably agree with Wilfred J. Funk, of *THE LITERARY DIGEST*, who, in a personal letter of recent date, says: "I feel that the art of poetry is often taken too solemnly—that the poets take themselves too seriously; and I sometimes wonder why so little is done by poetry magazines to recognize and encourage verse of the lighter sort. I don't mean cheap verse, of course, but well-turned, clever, smartly-groomed verse; verse with a rapier-like wit, verse de société. It always seems to me that we are better artists if we can smile at ourselves, and that our art is better if, occasionally, it is inoculated with a sense of humor."

Elsewhere in this issue we are pleased to share with our readers a more or less playful letter from Editor Funk to his friend, Lew, on this subject of light verse; and we are grateful to Ben Musser for taking us on a delightful ramble among the "MAKERS."

And now let me share a few things, poetic and otherwise, with those who are patient enough to read prose pages in a poetry magazine.

An editor, you know, always likes for those who submit poems to inclose a brief biographical sketch, to be used—in part, at least—if the poem is found to be available. I wrote to a woman who failed to inclose such a sketch, asking for it; and she replied, quite seriously, "I don't know what you want,

(Continued on page 30)

*Ninth Stanza of
Curfew Must Not Ring To-night*

Over the distant hills comes Cromwell.

*Bessie sees him, and her brow
Late white with sickening hours
Glow with hopeful beauty now.*

*At his feet she tells her story,
Shows her hands all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face, still haggard
With the anguish it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity,
Lit his eyes with misty light.
"Go!" "your liver lives," said Cromwell.
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."*

Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe, of San Diego, California, greatly honored VERSECRAFT, when I was editing that magazine, by sending me the ninth stanza of her famous poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," done in her own handwriting in her eighty-second year (1932). Through the courtesy of VERSECRAFT we are presenting the holograph to the readers of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE.

In a personal letter, January, 1932, Mrs. Thorpe says:

"I was born in Mishawaka, Indiana, and was graduate from the Litchfield, Michigan, High School, in 1868. April 5, 1867, when I was sixteen years old, I wrote the curfew poem on my slate when I should have been studying my lessons. My seventeenth birthday came on the 18th of the following July."

The Eclipse, August 31, 1932

(A Sonnet Sequence)

I

OBSCURATION

Today the revealing Sun knows full eclipse;
The Moon blindfolds us to all heavenly light.
Our eyes will stare while to our muted lips
Vague questionings arise. Prophetic sight
To revelations woven on God's loom,
Prefigured this world's end . . . or Paradise.

Heaven, or "outer darkness," hover nigh
All men; wing'd hours thru shade or sunshine flit:
"Day unto day," "night unto night" is writ
On rocks outfacing those of Sinai.

Make ready! . . . over every face shall fall
At a set hour Life's fated funeral pall.

II

NEW LIGHT

Yet, after all, obscuring moons ride on
Along predestined paths. When dark shades fall
Before the face of Heaven's imperial sun,
A bright corona, edging the black pall
With scintillant rays, brings omen of rebirth
To stars that question, sunk in seeming night.
Even so our eyes that gaze from far-flung earth
Gather new glories with returning light.

O heart bowed down; O lips that faintly sigh;
O spirit cloyed; O vision fate-obscured . . .
Look up! The whirling orbs bring surely nigh
Surcease from seeming ills long earth-endured.
Out of her ordered life kind Heaven decreed
First gloom then newer light, to meet our need.

Vermont

—WALTER JOHN COATES

Let There Be No Weeping

(To Sara Teasdale)

Let there be no weeping
For one whose singing breath
Will never stoop to sleeping
With darksome death.

Let there be no sorrow,
For one who would be gone
To meet the lyric morrow
As doves meet dawn.

Let there be no wailing,
No bitter tears,
For one whose bark is sailing
Beyond the years;

But rather let the winging
Of words that throng,
Pay tribute to her singing
Who died of song.

Florida

—VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

Aftermath

And now that all is past, I sit alone
And revel in the thoughts of what has been,
A word, a look, a pressure of my hand—
These tender memories that are akin
To all those things that at that time were real.
And so remembering, my heart is glad,
And living in that past, I am content,
Forgetting that my heart was almost sad.

Alabama

—EUGENIA BRAGG SMITH

Prelude to Love

1.

I had known dreaming, I had seemed to touch
The rim of far horizons with alert
Thin fingers of the mind; yet overmuch
Escaped my heart, and I was deeply hurt.
For Babylon and Troy I saw decayed,
Though eager Aprils came, oblivious
Of ancient griefs, with promise newly made,
And went as quickly, blithe and frivolous.

It was not earth that changed, nor creeping grass,
Nor heavy-fruited tree, nor flesh and bone;
Only the tears of stricken hearts must pass,
The little cries of lovers, all unknown,
Who close within each other's arms had slept,
While Aprils came and went.—For these I wept.

II.

A mirror once I held before my face,
And stared a little curiously into
My eyes—beholding in their depth a space
Engulfing all eternity. I knew
That here was nothing wholly mine; the gray
Cool iris long had harbored secret things
I could not salvage, nor would time betray
To me these old and sacred offerings.

And then I saw my hands, so frail and white,
As though they were the symbol of a past
Existing still in unremembered night . . .
My lips grew cold, my thought was overcast
With fear, believing I could never be
Myself, so blended with eternity.

III.

Had I, like Eve, once gathered from the bough
A ruddy harvest costing Paradise?
Or, kin to Helen, watching from the prow
Of some strange ship, seen alien towers rise
To marvelled height—and fall again in dust? . . .
Then was I not myself at all? My hair,
My parted lips, my eyes, only a trust
That later Eves and Helens were to share?

So in mazes of the intellect
I lost myself, and came at last to hate
An immortality that would reject
Only the hidden cry, the desperate
Small clamors of the heart that vainly lift
Their little prayers against a cosmic thrift.

IV.

Bewildered, groping in an atmosphere
Of reasoning profoundly cerebral
For some small part of me, I felt a tear
Upon my cheek, and in that interval
Of loneliness, I found my heart supreme,
Thwarting the intellect at every move . . .
I woke in suddenness, as from a dream,
And knew that I was life, and life was love.

The whispering of lovers in the dark,
The sorrows shared by two, the tender songs
Of motherhood, across the infinite arc
Of time, were of myself.—As flesh belongs
To earth, love was a sacred testament
Of faith immortal . . . and I was content

Alabama

—KATHLEEN SUTTON

Eternities

The dawn, wing-poised in wordless shining flight
 Outruns the flame of day. Birds sing their trust
 In life, and flowers blossom; sealing light,
 New years will root in courage of old dust.

The desert dazed with finite loneliness,
 Is but the searching soul of solitude.
 While seas map continents with timed caress;
 A song once loved the mind cannot exclude.

Eternities to pattern living by:—
 Hope's sunset flares, hearts, earthquake—stripped of dark
 Are mountain-sure that dust can never die,
 For truth divines the soul a timeless spark.

Thought dares play lyric symphonies of wind,
 And gather drifting clouds of crystal bloom
 In words, to comfort wisdom, disciplined
 As trees that question stars in skyward gloom.

Each snow-bound soul who longs for tardy spring,
 Shall learn of beauty; sore defeat will free
 New continents of love, and prayer will bring
 Through faith lost dreams into reality.

Ohio

—H. RAYNESFORD MULDER

Music

Evanescent vistas
 In glorious golden light;
 Realms of spacious loveliness
 Open to the sight;
 Faint perceptions grow to be
 Miraculously strong,
 When swelling rapture sweeps us
 Upon the peaks of song.

Michigan

—LOUIS FOLEY

Rhapsody

A thousand heartbeats of a thousand years
 Plucking the moonbeam strings of a soul's white harp!
 Endless rainbows binding countless stars
 That pierce the sobbing night with hot sharp points!
 Holding great voices calm that would cry aloud to God!
 Centuries come and gone
 A new heaven opened wide!
 And yet my lover does not understand:
 He calls it but a kiss!
New York

—FOREST MARSH

Tutti Parla d'Il Amore

Tutto, dall'astro al fiore
 d'amor parla:
 esso ride nell'aria,
 placa i venti,
 accheta il mar . . .
 e' l'iride che Dio manda
 ai viventi . . .
 tra le tempeste.

Italy

—ENRICHETTA CARRABOTTA PATELLI
 Translation

Everything, from the star to the flower
 speaks of love:
 it laughs in the air,
 quiets the winds,
 calms the sea . . .
 it is the rainbow that God sends
 to the living . . .
 amongst the storms.

—E. C. P.

Expression

The bloom, Expression, grows apart
 From baser weeds and nettles;
 With beauty of thought its golden heart,
 And words its petals.

Massachusetts

—WALTER SHEA

Evening Interlude

Whenever I see the crescent moon
 And a star stand over the hill,
 There's something deep within my soul
 That answers to the thrill:
 And I, who was a smouldering heap,
 Am sudden flame and fire,
 A starveling in a bleak country
 Of unachieved desire.

Georgia

—AGNES COCHRAN BRAMBLETT

House in the Wind

The four walls of my little house,
 They're strong, and true, and tight,
 They hold me cheerful all the day
 And snugly all the night.

And all about my little house
 The winds of heaven go—
 The winds that sing so gay and loud,
 The winds that whisper low.

And all the day and all the night
 They call to me within:
 They tell of roads and towns and ships,
 And gold, and fame—and sin.

They talk all sorts of silly talk—
 Those lying winds of heaven—
 But I've tomorrow's pies to bake,
 Tommorrow's loaves to leaven.

I have my little prayers to pray,
 My little seams to sew.
 I do not listen to the winds . . .
I wish they would not blow!

Georgia

—LILLIAN RAMSEY

Sea Piece

I sometimes watch a broken line of gulls
Behind a schooner's sail, their storm-eyes white;
A thin, frail line that spans the ocean's crest
And with incessant wing hums through the night.

Far from their brown old docks and harbor's peace
They ride the thunder-ghouls of sky and sea;
Grim, patient through the headlands of the dark
They press their wings and shout their wilder glee.

Grey-white and drab, their spirit dares to trust
The ocean's lore when starlight's promise fails;
They drink the magic of a creaking mast,
They follow voices heard in wind-filled sails.

My soul has sighted, now for days, a ship—
A tall, white ship, in phantom mists and dreams,
With slender, silver sails and voices heard
When masts loom up against the pale moonbeams.

God grant me faith and daring as the gulls
To trail my ship through all the fogs of night,
To follow patient where the prow shall turn
And with wild laughter quell the ocean's might.

Like that unconquered, fragile line of gulls
Make me press on into the setting sun
Believing my White Ship shall tack at last
To Dawn's best harbor, when the journey's done.

Connecticut

—PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

Prayer

Though it only be a candle's flame,
I'd use my life to warm
The fingertips of one
Who faced earth's winds
And found them chill.

Alabama

—PAUL STOUGH

For The Inarticulate

What of those born with tightened lips? We see
 Them standing quietly by, yet seldom guess
 The countless, small chagrins so evilly
 Compounded in their cup of bitterness.
 Always condemned to hear fair words emerge
 From readier lips, before their own are spoken,
 They shun tea-table chatter as a scourge
 Which pitilessly leaves them bruised and broken.

There are reserves of loveliness deep-hid
 In such shy hearts; and, when earth-bonds are done,
 I think they will not care to soar amid
 Elysian skies, but rather every one,
 Charmed by celestial comradeship, will stand
 Speaking in gracious phrases so long planned.

Alabama

—LUCILLE HARGROVE REYNOLDS

Prayer*

When I, in rapture, look upon a tree
 Stretching in pristine beauty to the skies;
 I pray, oh God! who gavest me mine eyes,
 That Thou wilt pity those who cannot see.

And when at dawn my eager ears are filled
 With bird-songs chanted to the new-born day;
 I pray for those who walk the silent way—
 For those to whom Thy earthly voice is stilled.

I pray Thee, God, that when my end is near
 And music fails to soothe my weary mind;
 To give my sight to one who now is blind—
 My ears to some poor child who cannot hear.

Michigan

—HAL FAUVER

*From *Cactus Flowers*, recently published by the Oglethorpe University Press.

Where Fashion Is King

The woods and mountains never change in style,
 Although each season wears its favorite gown,—
 The baby-green of spring; the rusty brown
 Of dry leaves rattling through an autumn aisle.
 Nor do the roses, when they flame and smile,
 Flaunt the new fashions in a scarlet crown;
 Nor the grave stars, that circle and go down
 Unalterably as shadows on a dial.

Yet man, within his walls of stone and glass,
 Must weave and pattern, bicker, scheme and buy
 For cloudy-blowing moods that come and pass,—
 And none so lovely as one violet's eye,
 A blue lake glimmering, or the jeweled grass
 When dawn flings garlands round a ruby sky!

New York

—STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Wolf House at Dusk*

The Valley of the Moon lies far below,
 And just beyond, the sun-line climbs the hill,
 While here, across the ghostly haze, a gleam
 Is lighting still the ruined walls and towers
 Of Wolf House.

Despoiled by fire, its empty shell endures,
 Magnificently lined and castle-like
 Against the sky. Invading vines and oaks
 Intrude upon the silent rooms and cling
 To fretted stones and chimneys in decay.

A gaunt, deserted orchard stands aloof;
 A deer is outlined there upon the sky;
 The twittered notes of birds disturb the peace,
 For beauty has no need of music here.

Environment assisting every mood.

Here London wrote in quiet solitude,

California

—AMY BOWER

* Jack London's "Wolf House" near Santa Rosa, in the Valley of the Moon, was destroyed by fire on the eve of its completion.

To a Proud Lover

I would not break the silence you impose,
 Nor mar the immemorial right you claim
 To harvest honors, reaping late with those
 Who scored in Time's account an envied name:
 Courageous knights who proved their warrior strength
 And won their regal brides, or better, he
 Who served a stint of years of artful length,
 And vindicated love's fidelity.

And yet I wonder all those waiting years
 If Rachael ever yearned for surer sign,
 If royal lady was beset by fears,
 Not knowing much of knighthood's conquering line?
 Yes, then as now, if you could only know
 That it would help—a little word or so!

Alabama

—MARY WALLACE KIRK

Untamed

Enslaved by you in bondage I found sweet,
 For love I gladly bartered liberty
 And kissed the chains that bound my restless feet.
 But do not think you own me utterly
 For on some misty April night will come
 The scent of open fields and burning grass,
 A vagrant wind, the lure of sweet wild plum,
 The sound of wild geese crying as they pass—
 A pagan sound that stirs the heart of me!
 Unfettered then must be my love for you—
 If you would hold me longer set me free,
 For I shall go to keep the rendezvous
 With other loves I knew before you came:
 A Pantheistic heart you cannot tame.

Oklahoma

—HALLIE WHITAKER

Lines While Listening to the Blue Danube Waltz

A longing creeps over my senses,
An aching steals into my feet,
And I laugh at life's silly defenses,
For youth and its yearnings are sweet.

And I sway to a magical gladness,
As I rise on a river of flame,
Then dip to a rhythmical gladness,
For the music is never the same.

All the colorful joy of Vienna
That burns in each glamorous glance,
The pageant that once was Ravenna
Are caught in the maze of the dance.

My soul pulsates to a measure
Unprofaned by a note that is false,
While I capture the passion of pleasure
On the shimmering wings of a waltz.

Minnesota

—MARIE D'AUTREMONT GERRY

Song for Sleep

Tired one, dear one,
Soft-sandled night
Draws gray velvet curtains
To close out the light.
Dear one, beloved,
Like sentries they stand,
God's stars by your pillow,
And love close at hand.

Sweet dreams, beloved,
In comforts of light
The moon gently folds you—
I kiss you good-night.

Tennessee

—RIVERS LODGE

Hindustan

Hindustan,—Hindustan!—
 Beyond the China Sea;
 From earth's broad scope and ocean's span
 Your mystery summons me.

Yea, I would forfeit all the gold
 In Yukon's rugged sweep
 To ride a tramp ship's musty hold
 Where Rangoon's harbours sleep;

Or barter every peerless tusk
 In Congo fastnesses
 For Taj Mahal at opal dusk
 And Hindu melodies.

Though eyes of fire and fangs of steel,
 And death on padded feet,
 Pursue the fated men who reel
 Through jungles' savage heat,

When an ivory Scimitar
 Cleaves the Indian Day,
 And twilight with a ruddy star
 Creeps over Bengal Bay,—

Hindustan, Hindustan!—
 Beyond the China Sea;
 From Heaven's reach and ocean's span
 Your magic summons me!

Virginia

—VIRGINIA PALMATARY

Martha

When your soul aspires
 To austere heights, I'll stay
 To nurture homey fires
 And bless your feet of clay.

Mississippi

—LOLLIE WILLIAMS

Ultimate

Last night you stirred and turned to me:

"Darling, do you remember . . ."

And your mood was mine, as we relived,

Word for word, heartbeat by heartbeat,

A time that had been ours

And was now.

Without a breath at variance,

We talked . . .

Till morning crowded down

With living to be done.

And so it came to me why we must die:

One day we shall stir

And stretch our quickened spirits

To claim the dear thereness, each of each—

"Darling, do you remember . . ."

Then we shall have an eternity ahead

In which to compute our love.

Mississippi

—PEGGY WILLIAMS

Nourishment

The ice age sent a stream of stone

Across the pregnant plain,

A world of flint rejects the plow

That dreams of golden grain .

But flowers come and weeds have seed

For birds that cleave the air,

And men have song instead of wheat

That might be planted there.

Kansas

—FLORENCE L. SNOW

Ferries

They ply beneath such dreary goals,
 I never dreamed they boasted souls.
 But, watching from a hill today,
 When mists had melted sky and bay,
 I saw the ghosts of ferries pass,
 Like opals over frosted glass.
 In ether that a careless star
 Had dropped a moment from afar,
 I saw them, done with churning wheels,
 Remonstrant piles and pushing keels,
 Glide back and forth like pearly moons,
 Or shuttling, delicate cocoons
 That floated free of tidal strings,
 Awaiting their appointed wings.

California

—LORI PETRI

The Eternal Triangle

The door closed
 And she had John again.
 (Outside the sea-gulls crying
 And the rain.)
 Inside they two—
 And somewhere in the West
 A girl held little fragments
 Of a dream
 Against her breast.
 "Son, build up the fires," she said
 "I've a new cushion.
 Do you like the red?"
 "How sweet this is
 Just you and I again."
 (Outside the sea-gulls crying
 And the rain.)

New York

—SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

They Watched Her

They watched her as she walked through hell—
And certainly she did it well!

They saw her hopes fall one by one—
How brave she was when all were gone!

They saw her spirit crucified—
Quite marvelous her dauntless pride!

The curtain fell, by Death's decree—
They turned away regretfully,
For scarce would happen in their age
So good an act upon Life's stage!

Ohio

—B. Y. WILLIAMS

Apology

For this they hate me:
That I dance in spring with the poplar tree;
For my laughter, high and light,
When candle ends have burned too bright;
Because my eyes are unafraid,
Having seen glory, watched it fade;
Hate me because they cannot see
Tears on a bartered tapestry,
And all war's panoply
In one fanfaronade.

Because of this: *I have a star*
Which they see sometimes
From afar.

Tennessee

—RIVERS LODGE

Your Smile

Your smile
To me is like
The light that glows within
The happy hearts of roses when
Day dawns.

Oklahoma

—MARIE M. MOTT

Fragment from a Sea Libretto

Wild wraiths of horses, spirit-free,
 Galloping . . . galloping, go
 To merge with the waves of a restless sea;
 Galloping, to and fro.

And far in the night comes the pound and the roar
 Of phantom hooves on a wave-washed floor,
 Encroaching the realm of the albicore;
 Galloping, to and fro.

The riders are souls that the sea has claimed,
 Names that were honored, names that were shamed;
 Unburdened of earth they are free, untamed . . .
 Galloping on they go.

Through the night like the waves of the sea they go,
 Galloping, to and fro;
 While thousands of throats word the sea wind's notes,
 As galloping on they go.

Alabama

—MARY B. WARD

Consolation

Tonight, beloved, I shall haunt the marts
 Where dreams are sold to comfort breaking hearts.

And I shall buy a dream of you to keep
 Forever woven on the loom of sleep.

And when at dawn the first, faint, opal glow
 Of day has taken you, I still shall know

The gathered sweetness of your arms—hold you here
 And through eternity—my dear—my dear.

Colorado

—OLIVE GRANDISON

Crescent Moon

See, Love, the Silver Peacock of the Skies;
 Its spreading plumes agleam with glistening eyes.
 With what magnificence and dignity
 It walks the purple Terrace of Infinity.

California

—GIEN ESSE

“Friend Sun”

I

The people in the houseboats, down around the river, declare a golden sunset has but little thrill for them; all they see in any sunset is a promise of the weather they will have when they go fishing in the morning.

II

The folk who live in cabins, up among the mountains, acknowledge that a sunrise gives them not a jot of joy; what they see in any sunrise is a token that the daylight brings them hours and hours of labor, then the night-time.

III

The cottagers—the farmers—in the valley country, aver they like the sunshine; for it makes the cotton grow, and the corn and wheat and barley; and the sunset, it reminds them of the happy days of childhood, half-forgotten.

IV

The dwellers in the mansions, do they think of barley, or corn and cotton growing? What does sunshine mean to them? Does it only spell fair weather for the golf links or a journey? Do they never think of sunshine as their savior?

V

Sojourners, where we find them, on the seas or highways, proclaim there is no sunset half so lovely, so divine, as the sunsets they remember when in youth, as ardent lovers, they went hand-in-hand a-roaming in the gloaming.

VI

No matter where we're living, nor the type of dwelling, if we are still life-lovers, and if life's in love with us, sunrise—we may fail to see it; but the sunset, glorious sunset, opens faith's fair golden portal—Life Eternal!

Georgia

—WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

Lines for a Poet

He lived among the fleeciast clouds,
 “Dreamer!” they all said;
 He had more sky beneath his feet
 Than they had overhead.

New York

—I. L. KISSEN

White Birches

White birches are pale maidens
 Who would not say their prayers;
 Therefore they could not go to heaven
 But on the temple stairs
 Stand all day long, with drooping arms,
 Weeping because of vague alarms.

 To them Earth was too lovely;
 They felt no need of heaven;
 So they must weep forevermore,
 Forevermore unshriven:
 Thus must they stand by night and day
 Knowing it is no use to pray.

Virginia

—BELLE CAPLES MORRIS

Arbicide

I went into a forest slashed and slain,
 And there upon my knees
 Among the stumps, I called aloud to Heaven:
 "Behold—the tombstone of the trees!"

Georgia

—WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

Prayer to Vulcan

If I could choose;
 I'd rather be,
 A fire that burns
 Intensively;
 A hungry flame,
 A Pagan fire,
 Of sacrifice,
 And wild desire;
 No smouldering flame
 That plays about,
 I'd rather burn—
 And then, go out.

Michigan

—ELSIE L. STERLING

Hilltop

I saw a maiden and a snowy hound,
 Lean as the wind that faced them, climb a hill,
 Their sure feet clinging to the rocky ground.
 Gaining the top they stood a moment still
 And watched the azure ocean of the sky
 Far overhead with lucid waves at rest
 And clouds with misty sails that floated by
 To reach the crimson harbor of the west.
 Then thrice three times a lonely curfew cried
 And Night came striding up the mountain side.

California

—BEULAH MAY

Intermezzo

Weird music fills the air today,
 A symphony of leaves
 Is holding forth a matinee,
 As color interweaves.

What if the tones be muffled, sad,
 And Summer hear her dirge?
 Gay Fall and Winter only add
 A glory to the surge.

For when the great crescendo
 Bursts forth a holy thing,
 Triumphant each memento,
 God's promise of the Spring.

Alabama

—GRACE BURTON

Quatrain

(From Shelley's "Ye Gentle Visitations")
 But that the clouds depart and stars remain,
 While they remain, and ye, alas, depart!
 I can not know the night but I complain
 Against the brevity of love's sweet art.

New Jersey

—CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN

West Indian Dawn

Many's the song of her crimson sunsets
 Tales interwoven with blood and brawn,
 Legends untold of her white moon magic
 But no one has sung of the Tropic dawn.

Madness of beauty that leapt the mountains,
 Riot of gold and carmine hues
 Crashing of colors in flaming fountains
 Spilling of purples and squandering blues.

Supreme crescendo of earth's creation
 Zenith of elements' rhythmic flow.
 (I was crossing the plains from port to Station—
 The sun-baked flats of Guantanamo.)

Glory greater than words can carry
 Into my throat my heart was drawn!
 Moment when night and morning marry,
 Flare of the wild West Indian dawn.

Pennsylvania

—LENORA OWSLEY HERMAN

Love Companions Me

Now I walk with gladness
 If skies be blue or gray,
 And find a joy in sun or rain
 To comfort me each day.

I greet the pink of dawning
 With deeper, keener zest,
 And through each passing hour
 Toil, smile and do my best.

And as the years move slowly
 They bring life's ecstasy
 Beneath a sky of blue or gray,
 For love companions me!

Alabama

—MARY POLLARD TYNES

Beech Tree

Your first buds are but drops of silver spun
 In web of branches etched across the sky,
 A net to catch the winds, to filter sun
 And tempt a single bird from weaving by.
 One transient bird—but silver turned to mist
 Shall lure the singing hundreds' busy hours,
 As finches with wings flashing amethyst
 Shall garb your twigs like clustering purple flowers.
 One transient bird—but there are days to be
 Of summer fullness, and your leaves' grown blade
 Shall shadow so much singing ecstasy
 As Heaven conceives, or Eden ever made.
 Let green leaves flood, oh thrust your silver wide,
 Lest April and creation be denied.

District of Columbia

—CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Irony

(Rondeau)

Why is it poets never sing
 About the comeliness of spring,—
 The busy little honey-bee,
 The robin in a maple tree,
 And swallows ever on the wing,

 Pale cypress vines that creep and cling
 Where garden blue-bells softly ring,
 The merry wind that chants off key,—
 Why is it!

The golden shafts the moonbeams fling,
 The filmy clouds that sway and swing,
 The woolly lambs that gambol free,
 The girls and boys that romp in glee,
 Old Sol who rules the day as King,—
 Why is it!

Florida

—EMMA R. WILSON

To a Spanish Mission I Know

Your silver bells are silent now,
 But when purple night is stealing,
 Within your crumbling walls, I am
 A penitent, gently kneeling.

Of alien faith am I, but should
 Your bells ring softly, sweet and low,
 I'd know my sins were all atoned,
 And, with sweet peace, would rise and go.

Georgia

—ESSIE M. CARMICHAEL

Her Hands

Her hands are firm. I am fearful of their embrace.
 I knew a term of peace before they touched my face.
 Now I am filled with gladness—sadness—
 Verging on madness.

Queer hands. Dear hands
 Insinuating themselves between us as we speak.
 Hands have a language all their own.
 I wonder: what have these hands sown?
 What have these hands known? What do they seek?

The woman on the Nile had long slim fingers.
 That does not reconcile the thought which lingers—
 These hands—strong, gentle, white—
 It is odd—Last night, they made me think of God.

New Mexico

—PETER A. LEA

Southern Coastal Road

Solitary yellow sand tracks
 Reach in slendering length
 Above sinister stagnant moats
 Reflecting tender, shapely cypress spray
 Half hidden by last season's needle plumes.
 Near a cypress knee rises a blue crane
 With folded feet and with quiet stroke
 Pushes against the inroads of man.

Georgia

—GERTRUDE GILMER

Brother William

They filed into the common room
And each monk sought his chair.
The abbot touched the tiny bell—
And babel filled the air.

They spoke but once a year, these men—
One hour—at Christmas time!
Their talk began at eleven o'clock
And ceased with midnight's chime.

Then Brother William joined the monks
Of old La Trappe one day.
A garrulous fellow—what a trial
To him this long delay!

Then Christmas came. The bell was rung,
And William told a tale
That lasted sixty minutes long!
"No use to rant or rail,"

The others thought, "We'll get our chance
Next year." The year lagged by.
They filed into the common room,
Their chairs to occupy.

The bell was rung. Before the rest
Could speak or dare complain—
"Well, as I said a year ago—"—
William was off again!

North Carolina

—DOM PLACID

Cinquains

THE MOON IS A MERMAID

The moon
Is a mermaid
Trailing her dripping, golden hair
Floating in the ocean,
Along.

Florida

—NAN DAVIS BRECKENRIDGE

Escape

O, God, give me deep, sweet solitude,
Miles from the haunts of men.
Give silence deep as a dusk-hushed pool,
Or winter, bleak on the fen.

A silence heavy as black forest shade,
Or a wild thing dead in the brake,
The tremulous hush of birches at prayer
As night creeps over the lake.

And if I be startled from that still,
Let it be the laugh of the loon,
A frenzied cry, with passion high,
In the bold, bright face of the moon.

Connecticut

—DARLEEN FRANCES BARKER

Bitter Choice

I chose a Woodsman for a mate
When I was just sixteen,
He took me where the Mountains talk
And the tawny panthers scream.

I thought him a delightful man
But when he felled a tree,
Infatuation quenched its flame
In a Hemlock's agony.

California

INA DRAPER DEFEOE

Trop Tard

I wonder why I did not learn
From my tempestuous past—
That love for any other man
But you . . . would never last!

Georgia

—CLARA LUNDIE ASKEW

From The Hilltop

It wasn't a moon:
But the wind-blown wisp of a sea-maid's hair,
On a grey-green sky in the west:
A wind that laughed and left it there,
And stole, tiptoe to reach the crest
Of the pointed firs, that climbed abreast
Up the bluff's steep side; to watch from far
The soft full bloom of the evening star,
And the sea at rest.

Washington

—ALICE ROLLIT COE

Music There Is

Music there is that I shall follow always,
Out of the old years, songs I shall never forget;
Music of summer and the lonesome fall days,
And winters of regret.

Music there is, but not of my own choosing,
That tarries along the wind, and will never depart;
Music of blowing leaves and blossoms closing,
And the long darkness stealing upon my heart.

Missouri

—CARDINAL LE GROS

Runaways

Stealing their mounts as occasion permits:
My thoughts are vagrant gipsies,
And they ride like the wind
On passion—on ecstatic wonder—
On love, as I mourn the lost moment
With you.

Texas

—MABEL MCKINNEY WEIR

(Continued from page 2)

but I will say that I am a widow and a good housekeeper." (In my reply I said, "The Madam joins me in all good wishes.")

Another woman sent three poems. Above the title of the first poem she says, "This poem was written while I was lying on my side." Second poem, "This was written while I was lying on my back." Third poem, "This was written while I was lying on my tummy." Then she asks which poem I think is best, and which position I, as editor, recommend to one who is in a creative mood. (Any one having information on this subject, please share it with an editor who makes no claim to being a psycho-anatomist.)

Ralph Cheney, contrasting poetry and advertising, POETRY WORLD, April, says: "Advertising makes us unhappy unless we own things; poetry makes us enjoy them without owning them. Advertisements are the claws of competition; poems are the caresses of comradeship . . . Advertising demands much and gives little; poetry gives much and demands little. Advertising is honored; poetry is scorned. This is the age of advertising. When shall we enter the age of poetry?" (When the age of poetry does arrive, Heaven help this editor, who is only three months behind with his mail.)

Elsewhere in this issue is a splendid review of "Apples of Sodom," Helen Estelle de Camp's book of poems, which I had the pleasure of editing a few weeks ago. In the gift copy which she sends me I find, in her handwriting, a lovely original poem which I have permission to share with the readers of these pages. Here is the poem:

"The sky is high as the soul is high"—

Then Oh! my friend, I'm sure you know

Colossal heights past peaks of snow

And far beyond where stars go by:—

Wherefore, this I marvel much:

That I, whose stature is so small,

Should know the warmth and gentle touch

Of one whose spirit is so tall!

We regret the unavoidable delay in bringing out this issue; but never before in the history of the Oglethorpe Press have we been so busy. Henceforth we hope to establish as our publication date, the bi-monthly hyphen.

—WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

To Lew

and those kind friends who have asked,
"Why does a poet prostitute his art to light verse?"

Dear Lew:

So a poet can't smile! That is your ukase, is it?

Well, my lad, if it won't offend your ear, you are going to hear a slight explosion. I have heard this same remark just once too often.

Dear heaven! What is this thing called poetry, anyway? Has the writer of it been touched by some special shaft of light from the throne of God? Is this art something holy and set apart for the private use of literary priests? And must we, who attempt to practice it, walk the earth like pompous idiots?

If poetry isn't a man's game, Lew; if it isn't a human art, something of flesh and blood, an arpeggio of emotions where kindly fingers may touch a note of laughter in the sounding chord, then let's leave it among the tea-pots of Greenwich Village.

Poetry, Lew, is my mistress. At times she's a troll and we have most excellent fun together. We cry, perhaps, but we laugh also, for life is too important to take so seriously. And if you stand there telling me that my muse shall be a flat-heel, with a knot of stringy hair, and horn-rimmed glasses, I'm telling you in turn that she can go out with some daffy-down-dilly poet-taster, and good-bye to her, and *bonne chance!*

Villon and Verlaine wrote light verse, my boy . . . amusing, ribald and profane. People such as you barred them from the French Academy, but they gained immortality instead. They didn't write literature, God knows. They violated the aristocracy of words and used the argot of thieves and murderers and trollops. They learned their art in the taverns—"speaks," to you—and they didn't wrap up life or love in any Edna St. Vincent Millay happiness packages.

Why can't poetry be for the pleasure of the many, as was their's? Why can't we all enjoy verse as the Germans and the Austrians and the Hungarians enjoy music, in public gardens, with beer and pretzels as a normal part of our daily lives?

Come, Lew! We've been to college together, but let's forget the critics and the professors and English B, and set on paper, simply, what is in our hearts, and use words to make our meaning clear, and cut back the dry verbiage of language to where the roots are green again, and

tear at least six veils of mystery from our art so that it may be more easily understood; and remember that even a witty rhyme may hold more wisdom than sixty scented sonnets, and write verse that can be taken, even by a car-conductor, without bicarbonate. And then poetry may not be an unread, unpopular and unpaid-for art.

Forgive me, Lew, but I feel better now!

As ever,

Wilfred J. Funk

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

Poets, whom the prosaic think lazy good-for-nothings, are the most wideawake of creative workers. I can't even begin to retail what I see through the keyhole of the makers' workshop; but here are random chips flying. Walter John Coates, editor of *Driftwind*, of North Montpelier, Vt., is issuing from his own hand press a series of delightful chap-books in the old English manner, bound in wall paper. The first is a somewhat irreverent but clever *Bible Handbook for Young Babbits*, by Lee Whitford (pen-name), only 25c a copy if ordered from Coate's Driftwind Press. Chap-book No. 2 will be *Banners of Brotherhood*, an anthology of social vision poems, edited by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent, three copies for \$1.50. The third chap-book will be by William Benét.

C. B. McAllister, editor of *The Lantern*, (71 Willow St., Brooklyn, N. Y.), is sponsoring through her Lantern Press a series of prize-publication books of verse. The first to appear is *Eve and Other Poems*, by Lefa Morse Eddy, and is substantially bound in grey-green cloth . . . Closing on Sept. 1st, there is in progress a national competition of American poets for an International Hymn to be sung to the first sixteen measures of the "Ode to Joy," Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The winning poem, copyrighted in the poet's name, will be sent to the League of Nations in Geneva to indicate to the world that the vision of American poets recognizes the imperative need for such a hymn today. The judges of this contest will be Robert Hillyer, Bliss Perry and S. Foster

Damon; poems should be sent to Miss Harriet Whittier, League of Nations Association, 40 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass. . . . The National Poetry Shrine, at Crystal Lake, N. J., is flourishing under the auspices of James Gabelle and his *Expression: The Garden Magazine*. Write to him for interesting news of the work there. Mr. Gabelle is also head of the Garen Press (76 Heights Rd., Ridgewood, N. J.), whence issued the beautiful anthology *Lilac Sprays* and where is now preparing its successor for 1933, *Amber and Jade*. A smaller anthology, *Galaxy*, will also make its debut soon.

Frances Frost (no relation to Robert and already his superior as exponent of Yankee nature verse) is editor of a new monthly, the *American Poetry Journal*, with Gilbert Maxmell as assoc. ed. and Leonard Twynham as manager: 14745 Ash Ave., Flushing, L. I., New York (\$2.00 a year; \$2.50 after first issue) . . . George Henry Kay (West Chicago, Illinois) has merged the American Writers' Society, National Poetry League and the American Authors Union under the new title of the American Writers' Society; *Visions and Contemporary Poetry* (combined) will be the official publication, bi-monthly . . . E. G. Arnold (321 W. 44th St., New York City) will publish a quarterly, *The New Talent*, which will doubtless undertake to develop the tyro, but will not remunerate the darlings . . . To celebrate five years of *Sonnet Sequences* (19 Annapolis Rd., Landover, Md.), the five bound volumes are available, hand-sewn and bound in imitation old Spanish leather. Murray Marshall is the editor-publisher . . . Henry Davis Nadig (Box 215, Norwalk, Conn.) is bravely fathering a weekly, *The Handle*, a happy mixture of society, sports, humor, arts and letters; a special page of verse is a regular feature. Send Mr. Nadig a dime or so for a sample copy; you'll be surprised . . . I know of no single verse magazine, no single newspaper page of verse, more progressive, and deserving of support, than James Neill Northe's quarterly, *Silhouettes*, and his new monthly verse page, *Warp and Woof*, in the Ontario, Calif., *Herald*. Mss. for either vehicle should be sent to Mr. Northe at 303 Rosewood Court, Ontario, California; and don't forget return-addressed stamped envelope.

If you want to read a really worth while first book, and one with a beautiful format worthy the content, get hold of Dr. Anderson Scruggs' *Glory of Earth*, Oglethorpe University Press. Didja see Dr. Scruggs' superb sonnet in *Harpers*? . . . Dom Placid, O.S.B., poet-priest who is

Critic of the North Carolina Poetry Society, will presently have a volume of poems comprising reprints of his three brochures. Write to the good Benedictine at Belmont Abbey, Belmont, N. C. . . . Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler, sometime editors of *Blues*, have a wickedly clever novel in poetic prose, *The Young and Evil*, published by the Obelisk Press, Paris . . . Sam M. Steward, author of the exquisite *Pan and the Fire-bird* (Henry Harrison, pub.), has a new novel in his inimitable manner. I am, however, a bit previous in the announcement, as the poetic novel *Angels on the Bough* has not at this time of writing been gobbled by an avid publisher . . . Unquestionably the most authoritative, the most readable book of recent days for the workshop of our poets is Dr. Theodore Maynard's *Preface to Poetry* (The Century Co., \$2.75).

Genevieve Taggard is on the teaching staff of the new Bennington College, Vermont . . . Laurence Binyon has accepted the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry at Harvard University, after serving for forty years as Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. At Harvard he will succeed the immortal T. S. Eliot, who held the throne during the academic year just concluded . . . The Caxton Printers, Ltd., of Caldwell, Idaho, have organized a Northwest Readers' Club, with threefold purpose: to encourage the development of Northwest literature; to encourage talented writers of the Northwest by making financially possible the publication of their works; to make the Northwest books available to the club members at lowest possible cost. Write to J. H. Gipson, Managing Director, above address, for details if interested.

Have you seen Stanton Coblenz's stunning new magazine, *Wings*? Having been rescued from what would have been race suicide, the infant is now sturdily growing under Mr. Coblenz's ownership. It deserves a bassinet in the form of subscriptions . . . A certain Michael Anthony Panelle, who on his announcement modestly styles himself "the distinguished poet," would like to have you in his anthology now in the making. "There are no reading or criticism fees, and only definitely-accepted contributors will be asked to subscribe." And you're to "submit ¾ of your best unpublished poems early." That is to say, if your best poems have four stanzas, you're to send three stanzas to Mike. Ah, me!

In closing, we pause reverently at the roster of poets who have been visited by the Bright Angel Death: Clinton Scollard, Corinne

Roosevelt Robinson, John Galsworthy, Sarah Teasdale, Henry Van Dyke, Kathleen Tankersley Young, Robert LeSeur Jones, Edmund Vance Cooke. God rest them!

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

GLORY OF EARTH, by Anderson M. Scruggs, Oglethorpe Press, Oglethorpe University, Georgia (\$2.00).

I think it was the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, concurring in the idea that the true value of poetry lies in its appeal, or perhaps better its stimulus, to the imagination, who selected as one of his "Pillars of Hercules of human thought" the passage:

"Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

At any rate, I had just got hold of this idea and its illustration when I came across a poem in one of the old-line magazines of a quarter of a century ago; *Cosmopolitan*, I fancy, though of this I cannot be sure now. It was an amazing sort of poem; its title was "A Wine of Wizardry," and it started off with what my callowness considered as stimulating a line as any Mr. Rossetti could have chosen for a Pillar of Hercules:

"A flight of homing dragons, dark against the West . . ."

That line was good enough, or at least resonant enough, to stick a matter of twenty-six years to date. Another I remember from the same poem:

"A blue-eyed vampire, sated at her feast,
Grins bloodily against the leprous moon."

But I wasn't so happy, I remember, in this stimulus to my unsophisticated imagination. It didn't seem altogether healthful, somehow . . . And I went on to read other poems, with other lines, thundering or mystic or maybe just mysterious, which I understood must be good, but which some way didn't register. So after a while I got out of step with poetry for a good many years, and quit trying to write it myself—I suppose everybody who tries to write anything tries verse for a while, and tries to think he is writing poetry . . . I got over my own efforts pretty thoroughly.

So for twenty-five years. And then I began taking an interest in poetry again—reading it, not writing it, the green sickness of youth being well over. And what did I come across this time but a collection of poems by a good friend of mine, Anderson M. Scruggs of Atlanta; the volume being from the Oglethorpe University Press.

"Glory of Earth" is the title, and I was engaged first by the rich proportion of sonnets—I love sonnets, but they have to be well done or pretty terrible . . . These are well done, all of them. Take this one—it would have landed, even twenty-five years ago:

"Only the dream is real. There is no plan
Transcending even a rose's timid glory,
A cricket's summer song. The ways of man
Are stupors of the flesh and transitory.
There is no truth but dreams, yet man must spend
His gift of quiet days in storm and stress,
Unheeding that a single breath will end
With one swift stroke the hoax of worldliness.

Only the dream will last. Some distant day
The wheels will falter, and the silent sun
Will see the last beam leveled to decay
And all man's futile clangor spent and done.
Yet, after brick and steel and stone are gone
And flesh and blood are dust, the dream lives on."

Now if that fails of an appeal, a stimulus, to the imagination, my humble verdict is that one would better stick to poems like "The Face on the Barroom Floor."

This new book of poetry is the kind in which, running through the pages, a phrase, a fragment of a line, will reach out and detain you:

"The dark narcotic slumber of a stone . . . "

from a poem, "Revolt Against Time," beginning,

"I am weary of time and tumult. I would live
As trees and stones . . . ,"

and concluding—

"I would be as the earth; I would be as the dust,
Inert, and senseless to the second's thrust;

Armored with water's strength, with granite's powers
To turn the merciless siege of battering hours."

This poem was selected for publication, lately, in *The Golden Book Magazine*, for which Hugh Walpole and other members of a distinguished editorial board do the picking.

Seventy-five poems in "Glory of Earth," all published previously in the better magazines and journals: all kinds of poems—except ordinary ones . . . In "The Youthful Dead" there is an appeal as searching and as poignant as any wafted through the "magic casements" of Keats—and far more easily defined, if that be fault or virtue.

"Think not the youthful dead forever rest
Content in their quiet graves. On such a night
An instinct quickens in the quiet breast,
And young limbs stir, remembering lost delight
Under the stars. The dream of golden days
Must still live on even though the breath be still;
Something their hearts once sought down vibrant ways
Troubles their flesh tonight beneath the hill."

It would be a pleasure to quote on at random, and at length; there is no poem in this volume without its definite charm, its own character . . . The one I love the best is the concluding sonnet:

GLORY TO THEM

"Glory to them, the toilers of the earth,
Who wrought with knotted hands, in wood and stone,
Dreams their unlettered minds could not give birth
And symmetries their souls had never known.
Glory to them, the artisans, who spread
Cathedrals like brown lace before the sun,
Who could not build a rhyme, but reared instead
The Doric grandeur of the Parthenon!

I never cross a marble portico,
Or lift my eyes where stained glass windows steal
From virgin sunlight moods of deeper glow,
Or walk dream-peopled streets except to feel
A hush of reverence for that vast dead
Who gave us beauty for a crust of bread."

Read that, if you please, and then agree with me that the author

is quite too modest in his foreword, another charming sonnet, in which he says of his songs:

"Out of the earth they come,—and if I find
A ship to bear one singing voice across
The still and stolid waters of the mind,
I shall not count these fragments utter loss,
But shall rejoice that I have found a tongue
For just one note that never could be sung."

For me, at least, the author has found a great many very beautiful notes, that had never been sung before.

—O. B. KEELER

"TOWER WINDOW" (David McKay Co., Philadelphia) by Mary Owen Lewis.

In "Tower Window," companion volume to "Phantom Bow," the author combines both intellectual attention and aesthetic appeal. There is a touch of reality, almost stark in its revelations, in such poems as "Underground Rhythm," "Hour in the City," "Material World," etc. This motif is followed by vivid nature pictures, giving the book a variety which is as pleasing as it is convincing. For an example of her discriminating imagery, we offer "Narcisse."

Upon the still canal a swan
Grows tired of rest.
She bends and sees a mate, more wan
Of neck and breast.
The curves unite as they repeat
Within the pool.
The mate is shadow when they meet.
The kiss is cool.

—MARTHA LYMAN SHILLITO

ASSENT TO AUTUMN, by Leila Jones (The Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vermont.)

Between the rich russet covers of this attractive little book, the title of which is taken from one of the poems, Leila Jones not only reveals her deep love and understanding of nature in a pleasing variety of verse forms, but proves herself felicitously versatile in subject matter as well.

The poems comprising this 70-page book are divided into three groups: (1) *Never The Heart*; (2) *To R. L. J.*; and (3) *Song of Rebirth*.

From such lines as:

Before decrepitude assailed
The ancient acres of the moon,
Earth, like a satin sea of gold,
Rose on these lunar meadows strewn
With lovers blinded at her light ..

to the stark vividness of "Dark Interval," there is no lack of singing or color in this writer's work.

Everyone who appreciates sincerity of feeling and deftness of touch will enjoy this collection of verse that has appeared in *Harper's Bazaar*, *The Sun*, *New York Evening Post*, *Voices*, *Sonnet Sequences*, *Columbia University Press* and a score of other publications.

—GRACE BUTLER

APPLES OF SODOM, by Helen Estelle de Camp, Banner Press (\$1.50).

This beautifully bound volume of poems by Helen Estelle de Camp, will find an appreciative audience among the more serious minded lovers of poetry. If one seeks here, the evanescence of the trivial, his hunger will go unappeased, for the author deals with the depths of the spirit, the heart that has known Gethsemane, the cup of sorrow that has been drained to the uttermost dregs.

The tempo of the work is timeless, it sobs an undertone of the world-old requiem of the divine flame that turned to ashes and bitterness in loss.

The book might have taken its title from the first four lines:

"Dark Tavern"

"Seek no shelter here my friend,
Nor ask to stay the stormy night,
The wine is stale; the bed is hard,
The rain runs in; there is no light,"

The theme reappears in "Sky Poem."

"I ravished the stars from their high place,
Had down the moon quite easily.
What I cannot do is lift
The broken sky that covers me."

The nature poems are treated with the definiteness of futility—"Winter's icily sharp flail," "Dahlia droops past all reviving, where your eyes must see her tortured leaves," "A bloomless tide that laps at rotting roots."

The themes that have to do with life portray that same definite futility—"Tears are hot, and anguish sharp and new," or "Washed with tears, remembering how love died."

A very beautiful work, wrought out of suffering!

—AGNES COCHRAN BRAMBLETT

EVE, by Lefa Morse Eddy. A LANTERN Publication.

Presenting a diversified panorama of scenes from the early days of creation through Quaker times up to the present, the author displays likewise an interesting variety of styles. In a delightful and whimsical reversal of the ordinary standards of verse, for the sake of contrast, we find *Eve* and the early Biblical ballads assuming the more modern form of free-flowing blank verse, while the story of Dingle Dell is told in regular rhymed verses. But even the latter are straightforward and simple, there being only such allegories and symbols as are necessary for the unusual subjects.

The volume is the first prize-publication of the *Lantern* and promises well for its future.

—JEAN MCCLUNG ENGLAND

Our Prizes

Again it is also blessed to receive. J. Clyde Keegan, of Colorado, kindly says, "Beauty and truth run through the pages of BOZART." Wilfred J. Funk, Editor of THE LITERARY DIGEST, congratulates us and says he reads BOZART with interest. From the Gastonia (N.C.) DAILY GAZETTE we clip the following: "Among the many poetry publications it has been our privilege to read . . . BOZART; CONTEMPORARY VERSE stands out among the best . . . The editor's choice of material never fails to reveal his knowledge of what is good poetry . . ."

NOTICE

"Chimes of Oglethorpe," a book of poems by Wightman F. Melton, the editor of this magazine, will be ready for delivery by September 1, 1933. The first edition is limited to 500 copies. The price of the book is \$1.50 Postpaid. Orders are now being received.

New Plan for Awarding The Bi-Monthly "Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize" (\$25.00)

To enable us to find out the type of verse the readers of this magazine like best, and to relieve the editor of the necessity of rendering a one-man decision, or of securing other judges, a detachable ballot is provided—see below. Please fill out this ballot and mail it to the editor not later than July 20th. (The favor will be greatly appreciated if you will kindly write, on the back of your ballot, the names and addresses of friends who are interested in poetry).

Prizes Awarded

The Cora Smith Gould prize of \$25.00, "In Memory of Ernest Hartsock," has been awarded, by popular ballot, to five authors whose poems appeared in the March-April issue, and is equally divided among them. They are: Wilfred J. Funk, Editor of the LITERARY DIGEST, "The Surgeon;" Mary Brent Whiteside, Los Angeles, California, former Editor of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, "These Things Remain;" Martha Lyman Shillito, Birmingham, Alabama, "Blue Heron;" Benjamin Musser, Washington, D. C., "From Gods of the Desperate Now;" and John Richard Moreland, Norfolk, Virginia, "Sea Love."

Close seconds, who also tied, are: Joy O'Hara, California, "Secret Wish;" J. Will Callahan, Florida, "Enigma;" and Lucia Trent, Pennsylvania, "Now We Are Older." Others to receive highly complimentary votes are: Jessie Wilmore Murton, Michigan; Florence Crow, Alabama; Emma Louise Foster, Georgia; Winnie Lynch Rockett, Alabama; Clyde Robertson, New York; Marie M. Mott, Oklahoma; Olive Grandison, of Colorado; and Mary S. Fitzgerald, Texas.

Edith Tatum awards a copy of her PATTERN to Mary Brent Whiteside, for her poem, "These Things Remain," in the March-April issue of BOZART.

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(Signed)

Date.....

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The Policy of This Magazine

We are pleased to consider real poems of any type whatsoever—usually not over 32 lines. We do not pay for individual poems, but we offer a number of substantial and attractive prizes—see inside of front cover. Those who have manuscripts to submit would do well, first, to become familiar with the magazine. All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamps, or stamped, addressed return envelope.

The editor is especially pleased to discover new poets; he regrets, however, that he cannot undertake to criticize—gratis—any poems except those accepted for publication in this magazine.

The OGLETHORPE PRESS plans to publish at least four Anthologies this year: (1) A BOOK OF TREE POEMS, similar to those compiled and edited by the editor of this magazine when he was editor of VERSE-CRAFT; (2) A BOOK OF SEA POEMS; (3) A BOOK OF SONNETS; (4) A BOOK OF LYRIC POEMS—In Memory of Frank L. Stanton. These compilations will consist of poems published in this magazine, and other submitted poems that are deemed worthy to be preserved in this manner.

Prize-Winners

Of the sixty poems in this issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, representing twenty-seven states, the District of Columbia and Italy, the editor knows at least two of the poems as being prize-winners: "Let There Be No Weeping," page 5, by Lady Laramore, Poet Laureate of Florida, won the \$40.00 Lyric Prize of the Poetry Society of Florida; and "For the Inarticulate," page 12, by Lucile Hargrove Reynolds, won the Sonnet Prize of the Birmingham (Alabama) Poetry Club—a subscription to this magazine.